

W A R L E Y:

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S A T I R E.

ADDRESSED

To the First ARTIST in *Europe*.

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STULTA EST CLEMENTIA.

Juv. Sat. i.

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P A R T T H E F I R S T.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for D. BROWN, at Garrick's Head, in Katharine-street, Strand.

October, 1778.

[ PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE. ]

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Vol. 2. p. 1.

PART THE FIRST.

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Printed by D. Brown, at the 'Globe' Press, in Kew-Street, Strand.



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# WARLEY:

## A SATIRE.

FOR THEE, whom Minerva, St. Luke and Apelles,  
Have shewn what in heav'n, and in earth, and in hell is;  
Whose Pencil inherits the fire of Prometheus,  
And saves from the lake of oblivious Lethe us;  
And each drawing-room graces for fair ready rhino,  
With a bare a—— young Jove, or a starv'd Ugolino:  
And, like Hunter, gives birth to, with fingers so lissom,  
Girls, that start from the canvas, and ask us to kiss 'em.  
Oh REYNOLDS! for Thee, shall the militant muse  
Depicture the scene of our *Royal Reviews*.



In the county of Essex, from whence none away go,  
 Who have not encounter'd a Calf or an Ague;  
 A few miles to the north of the fam'd town of Romford,  
 Which to lanthorn-jaw'd buttocks administers comfort;  
 Near neighbour to Brentwood, and close on the right,  
 Thine hillocks, wild Warley, astonish the sight!  
 Thine hillocks, abounding with banners and flags,  
 Where the rich shew their taste, and the beggars their rags;  
 Where tag-rag and bob-tail, of various degrees,  
 Full of wonder resort, and return full of fleas.

Ten thousand brave fellows here fatten in clover,  
 On Three-pence a day, and a Half-penny over;  
 Ten Thousand old Women, as many young Flirts,  
 To curry and wash'em, and mend their old shirts;  
 And a regiment of Barbers, who never yet fear'd  
 The Chevaux de frize of an outlandish beard;  
 Cooks, Sutlers, Bawds, Methodist Preachers in shoals,  
 To take Christian care of their bodies and souls.

His



His numbers their gallant Commander surveys,  
 While great as Old Xerxes his truncheon he sways;  
 Thus Moses of Israel, Commander, and Bishop,  
 Offended with Egypt, could call at his wish up  
 An Army of Locusts, with Stomachs rapacious,  
 To devour their provisions, and all things herbaceous.  
 Thus, Essex, thine Oxen and Fatlings are slain,  
 Nor of all thy green herbs does one cabbage remain.

But lo ! the fierce heroes are forming the lines,  
 What carnage awaits the fat turkies and chines !  
 Sure some mighty event all these clamours announce,  
 For the old women swear, and the big cannons bounce !  
 What firing and blasting of muskets and tongues !  
 What waste and consumption of powder and lungs !  
 In vain sue for pity the frogs in the marshes,  
 The weasles despairing must fain turn their a—— !  
 Hares, rabbits, and rats in a terrible taking,  
 Their mansions so snug in a trice have forsaken,  
 And alarm'd at the noise even dormice are waking.

But

But take my advice you poor blundering moles,  
 As you value your eye-sight keep snug in your holes,  
 If once they come near you, expect not to thrive,  
 For they'll certainly kill you—or eat you alive.  
 Each heroe, more fierce than the offspring of Thetis,  
 Enflam'd with such vengeance and valorous heat is,  
 That they storm ev'ry fuz bush that grows on the plains,  
 And as for the cow-t—s—they blow out their brains.  
 With fruitless entreaty the farmer alledges,  
 That they sap his strong fences, and burn all his hedges;  
 That 'tis very well known they have march'd many miles,  
 To pepper his gates, and be-devil his stiles;  
 They hear his complaint, and to finish the strife,  
 He broaches his beer, and surrenders his wife.

But the muse all begrim'd with smoak, brimstone, and  
 powder,

On a sudden is flown where the tumult grows louder.  
 Who comes yonder on horseback? his warlike appearance,  
 And Three-corner'd Hat, I shall think of this year hence;

So

So comely and proper, " God bless his sweet face !  
 (The good wives exclaim) "' tis his Majesty's Grace,"  
 While the musical instruments make the woods ring,  
 With Roast Beef, Jolly Roger, and God save the king !  
 Each his drawn sword in hand, see his guards how they scamper,  
 French Foutres, avaunt ! or he'll give you a damper.  
 Obsequious around him his Nobles are waiting,  
 Their Ladies of Red Coats and lap-dogs debating ;

(Great \* Master, who feedest on purflain and cellery,  
 Methinks I am ranging thy populous gallery,  
 Where Iris presents all her beautiful hues,  
 Like a Silk Mercer's 'prentice to please Lady Muse,  
 The sole manufacture of beauty refin'd,  
 That paints the rich tints of the face and the mind ;  
 Where glows Nature's fire, which all other shops darken,  
 And exist all the graces that sail'd Noah's ark in :) )

\* Alluding to Protogenes of Greece, who is said to have lived  
 solely on Vegetables whilst painting his celebrated Picture, JALISUS.

C

I protest



I protest, my dear Lord, says the Countess of Squindor,  
 'Tis a shame a fine Lady should o'er stay within door;  
 Don't you see little Comfit, my housekeeper's daughter,  
 Gallanting about with Lieutenant Mac Slaughter?  
 Shall dirty pert Trollops enjoy the fresh air,  
 And a Woman of Fashion sit still in her chair;  
 When ev'ry spruce Beau is her most humble servant,  
 And like Shock of her lips, looks, and gestures observant;  
 Let me rather be call'd an extravagant jilt,  
 Than while so much powder and essence is spilt;  
 Sit at home, like Penelope, weaving a quilt;  
 Should my husband enforce it in absolute spight,  
 The task of the day I'd undo in the night.

Lady Bab, I was told, you had sprain'd your fore-finger,—  
 Pray, Baron Mustach, have you heard the new Singer?  
 Sir Simon Sham-shudle has had a mishap,  
 His little Green Monkey was caught in a trap;  
 The dear little fellow is terribly maul'd,  
 'Twas shocking to hear how he chatter'd and squall'd;

The

The physicians have met and advise amputation,  
 But he cannot survive such a dire operation;  
 And I'm certain, (should all other remedies fail,)  
 My Lady will die, if they cut off his tail.  
 One is so incommoded with people that tramp it,  
 I'm delighted to see you my dear Mrs. Lambet;  
 The Col'nel declares there's good news i' the wind,  
 How does my Lord Bishop? He's coming behind:  
 Parson Wallop and Jerry have thrust in their noses,  
 And attend on his Lordship, and Brigadier Moses.  
 A Review is a thing that I take great delight in,  
 But, Major, I hope we shall have some bush fighting:  
 His Grace of the terrible cannon afraid is,  
 But they can't be too loud for myself or the Ladies;  
 Nay, as for my own part, I'm only in doubt,  
 Of which is most noisy, the camp or a rout;  
 And I'm sure, that in both there's a charming confusion,  
 Says my Lady Lonehand, "What a happy allusion!  
 As I live, all these Officers, Soldiers, and Guards,  
 Appear, to my thinking, one great pack of cards."

See the Gen'ral advance with drums, trumpets, and flutes,  
 Why 'tis only the dear King o'Di'monds in boots;  
 And fly Col'nel Rammer, sharp-visag'd and grave,  
 Is so like, that a blind-man would think him the Knave:  
 Says the Major G—— d—— me I think I shall split,  
 For ne'er in my life did I hear so much wit;  
 Your satire so brilliant exceeds all compare,  
 But why should not you, Ladies, come in for your share?  
 Since you say that our Leaders so gallant and fine,  
 Like the Di'mond belac'd in their uniform shine,  
 By her Gait Amazonian and large Pair o'B——,  
 I aver Lady Antlet the fair Queen o'Clubb is,  
 And all who excell in politeness and parts  
 Swear Allegiance to Granby, the Sov'reign of Hearts!  
 But let us, Dear Ladies, one moment look back,  
 And make our remarks on the rest of the Pack:  
 On demireps, dowagers, black-legs and jades,  
 A mixture of court-cards, clubs, di'monds, and spades:  
 See the Scotchman's fair daughter, with gallants all round her,  
 Who never yet shrunk from a midnight encounter;

His



His high rank and estate her lost husband adorns,  
 Whose fair spreading laurels keeps pace with his horns.  
 Note that Usurer's countenance, callous and grum,  
 Tis Pope—— of all scoundrels, the cream and the scum,  
 Who had rather by half, for the national good,  
 See a Baronet hang'd, than an army review'd :  
 How the Gamblers look up to their friend Sir John Ladle,  
 Who mounted the Car when he quitted the Cradle,  
 I wish you could see him an inn-yard drive into,  
 And shake hands with his whore at his dining-room window ;  
 For to no one more homage is paid, let me tell ye,  
 By waiters, bawds, ostlers, and Captain O'Kelly.  
 The rash youth, who hath reach'd that extravagant height,  
 Where the son of old Dædalus took his mad flight ;  
 Like periods await, and he soon shall behold,  
 How frail his reliance on plumage of gold.  
 That handsome gilt chariot just now broken down,  
 Encloses a Patriot of mickle renown ;  
 In abject confusion he trembles and reels,  
 And avers that the state has demolish'd his wheels ;

D

But

But the King may his right loyal city explore,  
 And cry as Old Harry exclaim'd heretofore,  
 God be thank'd I've ten thousand such patriots more.  
 Like a herd of struck deer gay Sir Watkin aghast is,  
 Who together have graz'd, and together make pasties,  
 While they fain would lay hold on the Antlers of others,  
 Who this maxim imbibe with the milk of their mothers,  
 In distress to turn tail on Republican Brothers.  
 Then to Guildhall he hies him, and starts for the Chair,  
 " Oh Gentlemen, make me your worthy Lord Mayor \* !  
 " By a Gang of respectable varlets this day  
 " I was call'd on in truth, and they told me to say,  
 " That the city of London, both great and important,  
 " Had need to look sharp, that's the long and the short on't ;  
 " Since two mighty pow'rs are engaging the nation,  
 " And your favory selves in a rank situation,  
 " Like Portugal Onions move tears of compassion ;  
 " My own things and my Lady's grow every day worse,  
 " I have emptied my noddle, my bowels, and purse,

\* Vide Verbatum, from the Daily Advertiser, September 29, 1778.

" So my friends in your choice you must be very cautious."

Thus ended Sir Knight his oration so nauseous,

But these swaggering blades to his eloquence dumb,

Unanimous voted for Alderman Plumb,

Who replenish'd the throne with his worshipful Bum.

Ah stretch not Sir Knight thine invincible face,

Thou may'st yet be permitted to carry the Mace.

Great Wilkes sees his Vassals lie sprawling below,

And tears like the tears of Old Lucifer flow,

For Old Lucifer wept, as John Milton can tell,

When he took a survey of the Devils in Hell.

Oh Chieftain ! the first who shook off thine allegiance,

Wag'd war against Rulers and honest obedience ;

The first who the flag of contention unfurl'd,

And in open rebellion enlisted the world ;

Thou Cardinal Evil, and Scourge of the Nations,

Behold in their wane thine accurs'd Exhalations.

Oh Caitiff ! no longer the sunbeams refulgent,

To thee and thy miscreant legions indulgent,

Shall



Shall cheer the dark paths which thy footsteps have trod,  
To dishonour thy Country, thy King, and thy God :

But amongst all this throng we shall find, to be sure,  
The extravagant daughter of old Sir J—M—;  
'Tis yon skittish filly, in want of a Rider,  
So fond of the *Leveret* squatting beside her.  
You're mistaken, my dear, that's Viscountess Rantandrum,  
With the Bishop of Soap-suds, and Lord Caleandrum ;  
And, Major, what ails you? why sure you must know,  
That Sir Charles has been done up these six weeks ago ;  
And her Ladyship drain'd of her money and wits, Sirs,  
Is to Coventry gone, or the land of the Switzers.  
How yon hot-headed Senator drives all before him !  
Like him who dismounted old Ahab and Joram :  
The Courtiers give way, for his very looks fright'em,  
You may swear 'tis the generous Landlord of Whiteham :  
Of the Ministers see he is making strange work,  
And applies his own Birch to the Flogger of York ;

The

The eyes of the Court he bespatters with mud,  
 And whatever he swears to, will seal with his blood;  
 He damns all the Spencers illustrious family,  
 Though they sweated our foes at the battle of Ramillie :  
 Protests against Counsellors, Measures, and Taxes,  
 And for ev'ry State Noddle is whetting his axes ;  
 In his country's dear cause his last drop he would spill,  
 And wear out his horse-whip, his purse, and his quill.  
 Oh blind to thine honours, thy rank, and estate !  
 Who canst bet with the tenant that bows at thy gate ;  
 Oh thou to whom fate with indulgence uncommon,  
 Has entrusted the best and the loveliest of women !  
 With horror reflect on the day that ensues,  
 When a prey to Thieves, Gamblers, Pimps, Jockies, and Jews,  
 Thy rich acres devolve, and thy mansions so fair  
 And the scum of creation thy royalties wear ;  
 Thy children dispers'd on the face of the earth  
 Shall curse the dire planet that reign'd at their birth ;  
 Thy first-born for bread at a levee shall bow,  
 And pawn the bright wreath that encircles his brow.

E

But

But take notice, Dear Bab, on the right of the camp is  
 Lady Rottenjaw flirting with Admiral Grampus.  
 With her odious red hand she is patting his cheek,  
 While he savours and looks just as fresh as a Leek.  
 There is no need to prove from old musty sentences,  
 That great people make little use of their senses.  
 My lady, indeed, wears a decent Proboscis,  
 Yet some folks there are cannot smell with their Noses ;  
 And the Gentry of Westminster, when they get by't,  
 Cannot see with their eyes to discern black from white.  
 How many fair dames with the help of a candle  
 Cou'd scarce ascertain ev'ry strange thing they handle !  
 To deny folks have legs you might fancy strange talk,  
 Yet many who have, never use them to walk ;  
 And I'm sure if you heard their fantastical notes,  
 There's not Ten in Ten Thousand who speak thro' their throats.  
 That their Makers are like'em in Scripture 'tis writ,  
 Their hair-dressers, milliners, taylors to wit :  
 And by the same Scriptures we're credibly told,  
 That their idols are nothing but silver and gold.

Says



Says General Twadgel, and curl'd his left jaw,

" You put me in mind of a drollish old saw,

" But you're all of you Ladies, I'd almost forgot,—

" I was going to tell you—the Devil knows what."

Dear Twadgel, let's have it."—" Good Ma'am, 'tis indecent"—

We'll pinch him to death but we'll all have a peice on't:—

"—Zounds, Ladies, I'd rather be drill'd, or bombarded."—

Then tell us—" I will, but don't gripe me so hard yet—

" The dog that is hungry will eat up a rank cake,

" And a t—— to a sow is as good as a pancake,

" But, Major 'Kian, we are call'd for—Allons."

Oh the terrible wretches! I'm glad they are gone,

What the General said, pray let none of us blab;

No not to our husbands, my dear Lady Bab.

To my batter'd old Fribble! O pray never fear.

And now we are talking of husbands, my dear,

The woman that marries, I call her a goose,

For husbands are fixtures grown quite out of use:

When they once get in years, the poor Tatter-de-mallions,

Should be turn'd out a grazing with worn out old stallions;

And

And to speak like a lads of the turf and the ton,  
 I drive one who has neither blood, spirit, or bone ;  
 Nay a Gelding would serve me as well as my own.  
 Dear my lady, your case makes my bowels to yearn——  
 And, Madam, I think 'tis a common concern——  
 Mrs. Fuzzledom swears that my Lady speaks reason,  
 Yes, I'd plague the Old Wretch 'till he cut his curst weazon.  
 But, Ladies, (you know I abominate scandal)  
 Sir David Coranto has damag'd his handle ;  
 His nose, I beg Pardon, I meant to have said,  
 Mrs. Roundabout kick'd the poor soul out of bed,  
 Sir David, you know, weighs a tun and a half ;  
 'Tis a fact, but don't tell it, 'twill make people laugh ;  
 And the Knight is so fore, so courageous and bloody,  
 If laugh'd at, he'd run his own wife thro' the body.

See that mirrour of Knighthood, who up the hill clambers  
 It can be no other than Sir W——m C—— !  
 Sir William ! the same who the world over went all,  
 As appears by his treatise on Taste Oriental ;

The

The Architect famous, who gave to our view,  
 The fine house in the Strand, that is spick-and-span new.  
 And a Barn and a Lanthorn has built on its roof,  
 Of our art and his own to *exhibit* a proof §.  
 At the top of the front you may see the Town Lasses,  
 Survey the Stone Beadles, and laugh at their faces ;  
 “ Had Bridewell such Beadles, they never would hurt us.”  
 Stone Beadles, my Lord !—they’re the Cardinal Virtues.  
 It never can be—sure they came, by their forehead,  
 From Newgate, the dry nurse of visages horrid † ;  
 Yet Geniusses often have comical whimsies,  
 And the house is a good one—but damn his Brick Chimnies.

Take notice of old Sir O Hara Mac Daniel,  
 One leg in the grave, and the other in flannel ;

§ Above the Royal Arms, which completely finish the front of  
 the building, the Architect has erected a cumbrous Exhibition Room  
 for the Royal Academy.

† ————— Leonum  
 Arida nutrix.

HOR.

F

And



And Ensign Cold Streamer, so closely acquainted  
 With my Lady, be-plaster'd, be-piss'd and be-painted.  
 See yon portly Stew'rd, does your Ladyship ken him?  
 Lord W——, attending his Master of Blenheim;  
 While Madam looks down on the rabble with scorn,  
 Oh —— —, full high she exalteth thine horn;  
 And her delicate fingers, we all must allow,  
 Look as if they had never been milking a cow.  
 But a few years ago you was humble and civil,  
 Set a beggar on horseback, she'll ride to the devil.

Observe those fine cattle that gallop before,  
 Bold Mac Stony-batter, and Lady ——;  
 Who 'scap'd from Bumbailiffs, by pushing a face, has  
 Full possession obtain'd of my Lady's good graces;  
 An impudent Fellow, ne'er at a loss known was,  
 And carries a Lady, as well as a stone-horse.

With full as much Brags in his countenance wroth,  
 Comes Parson Cross-buttock, Disgrace to his cloth!

For

For abuse the brave Parson had always a handle,  
 He sat out at first with retailing of scandal :  
 To America, honours and wealth he translated,  
 And King, Lords, and Commons incessantly baited,  
 When the Great to avoid Defamation, they say,  
 Made this Clerical Scavenger Vicar of Bray ;  
 And you cannot imagine how alter'd the farce is,  
 The Court he extolls both in Prose and in Verses ;  
 And the Rebels he swears have not rags to their ———. }  
 He now with profound veneration can squint on  
 The wonderful prowess of General Clinton,  
 And safe home to Mamma counter-march Master H——  
 With a Thicket of Laurels that bloom round his brow ;  
 While Washington's ragged retainers he'd poison,  
 For enriching the ocean with Congo and Hyson.  
 Such charms has vile gold for the abject and mean,  
 And so justly hath \*Flaccus enthron'd her a Queen,

\* Et Decus & Formam Regina Pecunia donat.

Hor.

For

For the system of Midas our Black Coat has learn'd,  
Who melted to Guineas the Butter he churn'd.

Yon steeds all bedeckt with gay trappings and new bitts,  
Bear a matron whose head measures full forty cubits ;  
Confess'd by her gait and her furbelow'd gown,  
Mrs. Alderman Drawbridge from London's fine town.  
Mrs. Alderman, Sir, by her Mane I should swear  
That herself or her husband at least was the May'r.  
See fierce Count Orourko, whose broad shoulders bore him  
Slap-dash thro' the world like his Cousin before him ;  
Yet Orourko, tho' frequently kick'd, as heart whole is,  
And a Captain as brave as Will Shakespeare's Parolles.

Take notice of yonder fanatical rout  
Encircling their Methodist Preacher about ;  
Who turn up their eyes with devotion and wonder,  
Like Muscovy Ducks in a loud Clap of Thunder ;  
While in Thunder their Teacher delivers his sermon,  
White-washing their Souls with the pure Dew of Hermon ;

For



For so foul were they worn that their Owners no hopes had,  
 Save in Wash-Tub of Grace and New-Covenant Soap-sud.  
 If you'd dabble in Lather of Regeneration,  
 Read on to your Comfort and Edification :

## A METHODIST SERMON.

OH accursed Miscreants bound in  
 Chains of gross iniquity,

All the Fiends of Hell surrounding !

Porkers fat in carnal Styre.

Pull your hats off, learn Good Manners

All that to this Grace-Shop come ;

Here Damnation waves his Banners,

While the Devil beats his Drum.

Leave your Fathers and your Mothers,

Leave your Wives and Children dear,

I'm your Shepherd——Damn all others !

I can save you——never fear.

See the fleecy clouds are rending,  
 Down from Heav'n a Post-boy trots,  
 All in radiant White descending,  
 Come to soak up inky blots.

Inky Blots of Sin and Satan's,  
 Filthy Rags and running Sores ;  
 Rotten Tongues that hate their Matins,  
 Sutlers, Captains, Rogues, and Whores!

See the Devil intercepting,  
 Tries to knock him off his Steed ;  
 Honest Paul in time has stepp'd in,  
 Here's old Hell to pay indeed!

Two to One is Odds at Foot-Ball,  
 The foul Fiend is pressed sore ;  
 Kick his heart out Branch and Root \* Ball,  
 Hark ! yourselves may hear him roar !

\* Ball, the Name of the Celestial Post-Boy's Horse.

Now

Now pull Devil, Paul, and Baker,

Devil to the Spittle goes ;

Five to Four the Brimstone Raker,

Dares not shew his naked Nose.

Lucifer, thou Morning Star, Oh

Dost thou leave us in the lurch ;

Gone where \*Noll, Pope Joan, and Pharaoh,

Sting their Bums with burning Birch.

Messenger of Joy eternal,

Open Revelation Mail ;

Types of Grace adorn the Journal,

Sent in Thunder, Storm, and Hail.

Read, oh read the Crumbs of Comfort !

Sion's Morning Post recites,

Rig your Bums at heav'nly Romford,

Shrivell'd fore with baleful Blights.

\* Oliver Cromwell.

Lo !



Lo ! I advertise by auction,  
Apozem for sinful Chops,  
Saving Love's divine Decoction  
Shedding sweet its ghostly drops.

For each Bunter, Brim, and Trollop,  
Full of Worldly Itch and Pox,  
Pills of right Salvation Jalop,  
Two-pence purchases a Box.

Maudlin Souls who swallow Satan,  
In your Midriff lies the rogue,  
There he shall no longer fatten,  
This will make you dissembogue.

I'm your Father and Phyfician,  
Wretches drunk with worldly Gin,  
Wrapt in sweet emetic Vision,  
Cast away your Slough of Sin.

Bring

Bring, oh bring your filthy Riches,  
Treasure get that never dies ;

Forg'd for true Believer's Breeches,  
New Jerus'lem Hooks and Eyes.

Little callow Chicken blessed  
Who no longer wish to stray,  
'Neath my Corm'rant Wings caressed,  
Lo, the Path to Realms of Day !

Foricus of Faith exploring,  
Golden hope you there shall find,  
When the latter blast is roaring,  
Sin absterging from behind.

All the twilight Banners waving,  
Round the luscious Feast of Love,  
Ranting Cherubs, Seraphs braving  
Buttock bare with ghostly shove. §

- " Hooks and Eyes, for Believers Breeches," the Title of a  
fanatical Treatise.  
§ Vide Baxter's Spiritual Shove to a heavy-ars'd Christian.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN THE PRESS,

And speedily will be published,

## SECOND PART

OF THIS

## SATIRE.

### ERRATA.

Page 9, line 2, for <i>herp</i> , read <i>herp</i> .	
10, at <i>his</i> , at <i>the</i> .	
15, <i>periods await</i> , <i>period awaits</i> .	
10, Note, <i>Vide Verbatum</i> , <i>Verbatim</i> .	
12, 1, <i>path</i> , <i>path</i> .	

END OF THE FIRST PART.